

Butterflies In The Belly by Carerra_os

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Summary:

Day 5 Butterflies

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“Yeah.” Billy shrugs, trying for nonchalant, tries to pretend like the butterflies are not threatening to come up his throat at the brilliant smile that breaks out across Steve’s face.

“I need sunscreen and then we can go!” Steve announces brightly, leaning in closer to drop a brief kiss against Billy’s cheek before he is bouncing up and down the hall as Billy just sits there watching him leave as he fingers the box in his pocket.

Butterflies In The Belly

Author's Note:

Day Five Butterflies from the Harringrove April Prompts

Butterflies In The Belly

Billy has butterflies in his stomach, sweat pricking at his palms as he waits for Steve to get ready. He cannot help himself from sliding his hand over the little velvet box in his pocket, foot tapping as he sips his beer waiting. Billy peels at the label on the bottle for something to do, the television on but not holding his interest, tuned into all of the little bangs from the back room as Steve hurries to finish getting dressed.

Steve finally slides out into the living room by the time Billy finishes his beer, smiling wide, arms held out as he asks “Well how do I look?” He looks like he always does, preppy and cute, in his little shorts and pastel polo.

“Like you always do.” Billy says, bottom lip pulled between his teeth as Steve huffs and glowers at him, grabbing his shoes and flopping onto the couch next to Billy.

“I tried something new with my hair.” Steve grumbles, pulling on socks that are too high and yet not high enough in Billy’s opinion. They are plain white with a little light blue stripe that match the blue in Steve’s polo and come up nearly to his knees, it should be ridiculous, Billy loves it.

“Oh yeah, it really shows.” Billy teases easing out of his nerves with Steve right here, warm and solid, a reminder that he is not something Billy has just made up all of these years. His hair looks just as it

always does after he has spent time doing it and Billy has to resist the urge to run his hand through it and mess it all up again, if he does that now they will never leave, Steve will just insist he has to fix it.

“Oh shut up.” Steve huffs with a little laugh bumping their shoulders together before just leaning into Billy’s space. “So where are we going sunflower, what’s the big surprise?”

“I never said it was a surprise.” Billy rolls his eyes, he had just shown up an hour ago and told Steve to get dressed with no explanation, it is Steve’s own fault he had not asked any questions. The butterflies in Billy’s stomach start fluttering again as his hand absently brushes that box, there is one surprise.

“Alright,” Steve rolls his eyes “where are we going then?”

“Botanical gardens.” Billy says grinning, he knows Steve has been wanting to go since it reopened after the last earthquake.

“Yeah?” Steve asks with a smile that is bright and hopeful, Billy does not really like the botanical gardens, has never liked a lot of flowers, he likes the cactuses but he knows Steve likes flowers. He knows Steve spent summers in his grandmother’s garden when he was young, and he can name more flowers than Billy can even keep track of. He even has a little shelf of some pretty little purple and orange things growing in his windowsill that Billy is not allowed to touch after he killed Steve’s plants the last time he took care of them.

“Yeah.” Billy shrugs, trying for nonchalant, tries to pretend like the butterflies are not threatening to come up his throat at the brilliant smile that breaks out across Steve’s face.

“I need sunscreen and then we can go!” Steve announces brightly, leaning in closer to drop a brief kiss against Billy’s cheek before he is bouncing up and down the hall as Billy just sits there watching him

leave as he fingers the box in his pocket.

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It is hot and in the midday sun as Steve drags Billy around the gardens, pointing out flowers and telling Billy what they relate to like he is ever going to remember it. Billy just smiles and nods, happy to listen to Steve chatter on despite not retaining any of the information. The wind has been blowing softly since they got here, occasionally pulling flowers from the trees around and raining petals and small little buds down on them, a few catching in their hair.

That swarm of butterflies in his stomach grows with every minute, every time Steve stops and turns to throw him a smile, reaching out to twine their hands. They get lunch in a little dining area, food carts and picnic tables littered around, Steve messily dribbling ketchup and relish down his chin. Steve squeals, going pink cheeked when Billy leans in and licks it up with a grin.

"Billy we're in public!" Steve insists like Billy has ever cared about that.

"Just giving the people a show with their meal baby" He winks, laughing as Steve pushes him away and wipes at his face with a napkin.

"I didn't agree to putting on any shows." He hisses pushing Billy away when he leans back in intent to run his tongue over the spot Steve missed.

"I could convince you." Billy is pretty sure of it, Steve is easy to convince when he gets all hot and bothered. Someone clears their throat from another table, an older stern looking woman giving them a dirty look. Billy flips her off laughing as she huffs and stands, bustling away from them before his laugh is cut off in a hiss as Steve

pinches him right above the hip.

“Stop it.” Steve insists with an amused shake of his head, squealing as Billy pinches him right back catching his nipple and holding. “Billy, we’re in public, I don’t want to have to leave yet.” Steve whines and squirms and Billy relents his hold, dragging his hand down Steve’s chest and stomach brushing over his half hard dick.

“I could help you with that.” Billy grins and winks and Steve just flushes deeper as he bats his hand away.

“Maybe later,” He murmurs, ducking his eyes away from Billy’s as his flush deepens, disappointing Billy as he adds “after we get home.”

“Spoil sport.” Billy teases grinning as Steve just rolls his eyes and takes another messy bite, more relish slipping down his chin.

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The sun is just starting to set, the temperature dropping a few degrees as they make it to the pond. Steve slips away as soon as they get there, digging a quarter out of his pocket for the little machine that dispenses fish food. Billy watches him fondly, the butterflies heavy in his stomach as he slides his hand into his pocket and pulls the box out.

Billy waits until Steve is squatted down at the end of the dock feeding the fish, sprinkling food into the water and talking to the fish telling them all how good they are. “Look at all of these good boys Billy!” Steve exclaimed the same way he does with every animal he comes across, sparing Billy behind him a glance and a wide smile before his attention is back on the fish.

Billy steals his nerves, butterflies swarming in him as he kneels behind Steve, little velvet box in his hand open to reveal the simple

silver band inside with a small diamond inlay, the best Billy can afford on his salary. Billy licks over his lips before tapping Steve's shoulder, getting his attention and getting him to turn.

It takes a minute, Steve letting the last of the food drop into the water before he turns fully looking at Billy with a questioning smile before his eyes drop to the ring and his eyes go wide, mouth dropping open. "Is that?" He asks dumbly, Billy just feeling fond, the butterflies settling some as Steve reaches out before taking his hand back waiting for Billy to properly ask, barely restraining himself.

"Yeah walnut it is, I figure it's time I lock this down before you wise up to how much better you can do." Billy jokes, grinning as Steve gives him that disapproving offended look, the way he always does when Billy goes self-deprecating, always quick to rise to Billy's defense even when it is against Billy himself.

"Billy," Steve starts tone huffy before it loses some annoyance, his whole face softening "You know that is not going to happen, I couldn't imagine anyone better than you, I love you." Steve goes right for his heart, making those butterflies swoop and roll and Billy's grin softens as he pulls the little ring from the box.

"And I love you too, so" Billy pauses, licks over his lips as he catches Steve's hand and brings it up "how about we tie the knot, make it official."

"Are you actually going to ask or just?" Steve asks, grinning at Billy, fingers wiggling in Billy's grip.

"Always have to be difficult don't you?" Billy huffs as Steve nods and he knows Steve is going to say yes but those butterflies still come back full force as he asks "Will you marry me?"

"Yes Billy of course I will marry you!" Steve practically shouts

grinning from ear to ear, Billy barely manages to get the ring on his finger before he is being toppled over by Steve's weight as he kisses him sloppily and those butterflies finally leave him because Steve said yes and Billy could not be happier about it.

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Author's Note:

<https://ghostofjellyfishforgotten.tumblr.com/>